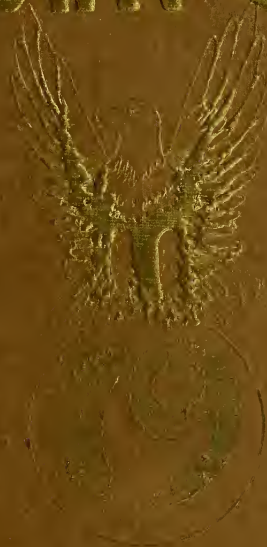


THE  
BROWN AND GOLD



Bunte

THE  
BROWN GOLD



# THE BROWN AND GOLD

ANNUAL  
PUBLISHED BY  
FOURTH  
HIGH CLASS  
OF 1919



FRANK  
JOHN  
1919

This book is respectfully dedicated



TO

**William H. Doyle, S. J.**

Our Friend and Teacher

Establish thou the works of our hands, who giveth  
us richly all things to enjoy



## Officers of the Senior High Class

JOHN C. HAYDEN ..... *President*  
 WILLIAM A. FREEMAN ..... *Vice-President*  
 PETER K. FINNERTY ..... *Secretary*  
 HAROLD J. GIBBONS ..... *Treasurer*

## Editorial Staff of Our Periodical, "The Brown and Gold"

C. MELVIN JOHNSON } ..... *Co-Editors*  
 PETER K. FINNERTY }  
 WILLIAM A. FREEMAN ..... *Assistant Editor*  
 J. BYRON CONNOR ..... *Business Manager*

## Staff for "The Brown and Gold" Year-Book

C. MELVIN JOHNSON } ..... *Literary Editors*  
 WILLIAM V. POWERS }  
 J. BYRON CONNOR } ..... *Business Managers*  
 J. HARRIS PATTERSON }

## Our Officers



WING to our extended vacation of nearly two months, which was caused by the influenza epidemic, the class of Senior High was unable to organize until the latter part of the month of January. At this time, however, the task was nobly accomplished. At this first regular meeting the officers were elected, a constitution adopted, plans for the publication of a small monthly periodical to be known as "The Brown and Gold" were considered, a competent staff of editors was selected by the class, and the ship of Senior High was safely launched. Slight storms now and then broke over her, but the voyage, in the main, may justly be called successful.

Genial John C. Hayden was chosen to pilot the class on its journey. How well he succeeded is a fact of class history. Enough to say that the class has weathered all storms throughout the many months of his presidency. Johnny richly deserves a full share of the credit for negotiating the craft through new and unsounded waters.

William A. Freeman has most brilliantly acquitted himself at his post as the Vice-President of the class. He was elected to the office only after a very close contest.

Peter K. Finnerty has most nobly handled the position of Secretary to the class. His wonderfully complete records of the meetings of the class will go down through the years as models of their style. The class tenders to Mr. Finnerty its sincere thanks and congratulations.

Harold J. Gibbons was chosen as Class Treasurer. His clear insight into financial matters was a real asset to Senior High.

C. Melvin Johnson and Peter K. Finnerty were elected, almost without a dissenting vote, to fill the important posts of Editors of "The Brown and Gold." The immense popularity which this little paper has gained during the past five months and the splendid articles ap-

pearing in its pages is proof abundant of its Editors' ability. The entire class owes them a debt of gratitude.

As assistant to these Editors, William A. Freeman deserves an ample share of their success.

Where business is concerned, J. Byron Connor has yet to find his equal. He has brought "The Brown and Gold" successfully through most trying situations. It was chiefly owing to his tactful and tireless endeavor that our paper survived in face of difficulties that threatened its existence.

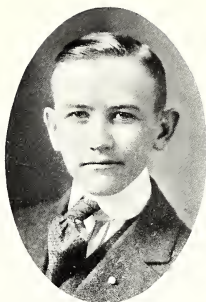
Now, a word about this book: Know that William Powers, Melvin Johnson, Harris Patterson and Byron Connor are the worthy Editors. They, in the name of the class, respectfully present this Annual to you with the earnest hope that it will please. Know, too, that never before have Senior High students attempted an Annual. Don't judge this edition too harshly. The one next year will be much better. We've had difficulties to encounter that were simply staggering. But we broke the ice and made the Year-Book a reality. Take it: if it will not arouse your admiration, it may, we fondly hope, obtain your indulgent sympathy.



## Seniors

Frederick O. Burke

*"O this learning! What a thing it is!"*

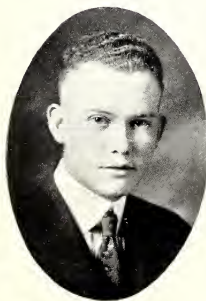


J. Byron Connor

*"But, by the Lord, tads, I am glad you have the money!"*

Harold J. Gibbons

*"The long day's task is done and we must sleep."*



Raymond M. Grass

*"Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine."*

Seniors



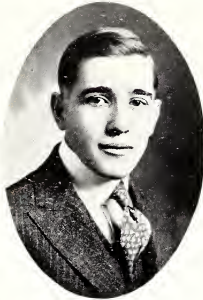
James J. Finn

*"A merrier man I never spent an hour's talk withal."*



Peter K. Finnerty

*"He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit."*



William A. Freeman

*"I have immortal longings in me."*



John C. Hayden

*"A man I am, crossed with adversity."*



Henry J. Hoefler

*"A most acute juvenal, voluble and free of grace."*



Seniors

C. Melvin Johnson

*"O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts!"*

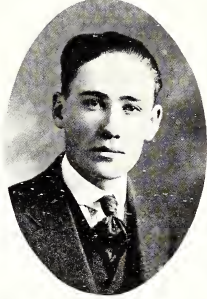


Forrest H. Johnson

*"Forsooth, a great arithmetician."*

James A. Mullins

*"Now thou art sealed the son of chivalry."*



J. Harris Patterson

*"Say, what's thy name?  
Thou hast a grim appearance,  
And thy face  
Bears a command in't."*

William V. Powers

*"Thou art a scholar."*





## History of Senior High School Class of '19

Senior High, '19, we hope, will not be soon forgotten. We aimed high and, thanks to the Faculty and the generous co-operation of the student body, achieved a slight modicum of success.

In our Freshman days five of our members were represented on the football teams, two making the Senior team and three the Junior. After football season, basketball loomed on the athletic horizon and two of the class made the Junior team.

Father Golden, the much respected teacher of First High A, along with Father Casolaro, the idol of First B, were the ones that induced four of our classmates to try for baseball, and one of them succeeded in making the Senior team. It was "Jimmie" Grace. Right in the middle of the bat and ball season the elocution contest came around and our class was represented in the junior division by "Paddy" Reagan, who politely carried away the medal. Thus we went through our first year at old Sacred Heart College and came to its close with the same fire and spirit with which we had opened it.

When our second year opened a few familiar faces of our class were missing and we were indeed sorry to see them go. There were, however, many new visages amongst us and the class had a larger roll call than the year before. Father Golden was put in charge of us, and he entered into his class work with such vim and snap that the class started out again and went through the year gathering honors to its name. In our Sophomore year, two of our members were selected to play on the football team. "Paddy" Reagan, of elocutionary fame, gained the responsible position of quarterback. Football season came to an abrupt ending and the basketball season started in earnest. Our star athlete, Reagan, made the team as forward, while two of our other members made the Junior team. After a very interesting season the hoop game finished up with S. H. C. a close second to the champions of the Rocky Mountain League. When baseball came into prominence two of our members, "Jimmie" Grace and "Paddy" Reagan, played on the team. The Junior team was made up almost entirely of Sophomores. When the elocution contest came around Reagan was chosen winner of the Senior medal. It was by him that the class had been represented as a medal winner in two contests. Thus our Sophomore year ended with Peter Tarabino proudly taking the class medal.

Most of the class came back for their third year of High School and we were introduced to Father Minot, our new teacher. To him we owe the debt



Farley -  
"Big Head Irish"

Teaffe -  
"Ireland's Friend"

Mullens -  
"Nickel Here"

Finn -  
"At Annapolis"

Hayden -  
"Grocer"

Patterson -  
"The Young M.D."

Grass -  
"McElectrician"

Johnson -  
"Very Attentive"

Burke -  
"A young Priest"

Hofer -  
"Undertaker"

Powers -  
"-ECONOMIZING-"

Connor -  
"The Young M.D."

Wiseman -  
"That Tilt (Balance)"

Fiverty -  
"A Man about Town"

Friedman -  
"The Young M.D."

SENIOR HIGH

of earnestly encouraging us to keep up the fine record we had made. The class was run according to parliamentary law, and we thus were the proud possessor of a President, a Cabinet, and Congressmen. The class, as a whole, liked this plan very much and the debates between the Republicans and Democrats became at times very heated. As usual, we were well represented on the football, basketball and baseball teams. The third year passed, with William Powers the winner of the Junior class medal, and we became Seniors.

On the eleventh of September the school once again opened, and on that day we made our acquaintance with our new professor, Father Doyle. From the very first we liked him, for we knew that he would always come half-way, and even a little more, to keep the spirit of the class and of the individual in perfect running order.

The class had no sooner struck its stride when the honorable or dishonorable—as you will—"flu" bug came into prominent notice. As a consequence the school was closed for the long period of six weeks, and the wheels and gears of the class got rusty from neglect. When the "flu" had practically subsided, school once again opened and after some little work everything was again put in order.

"Flu" time must have been food for thought and planning, for when things were going on as usual and no extra excitement could be noticed, some one suggested that we have an organized class. So elections were held which resulted in John Hayden becoming president, William Freeman vice-president, Peter Finnerty and Harold Gibbons, respectively, secretary and treasurer.

The class had no sooner become a well-organized body than someone suggested that we print a class paper to be published once a month in the interest of Senior High. After a little hesitation a staff for "The Brown and Gold"—for that was the paper's name—was elected. Melvin Johnson and Peter Finnerty were made co-editors and J. Byron Connor was placed in the capacity of business manager. The paper pleased us very much. It was a six-page affair and copied on the mimeograph. The first edition was greeted with approval on every side. And on its appearance each month even the Fathers wore a sour face if they did not receive their copy.

The class, seeing how the paper was received by the school, sought for higher things—things of a more lasting nature. Their quest ended in a determination to get out a class annual; the first annual ever published by the College of the Sacred Heart. The class nominated and elected two editors and two business managers. For editors William V. Powers and C. Melvin Johnson were the choice, while J. Byron Connor and J. Harris Patterson were made business managers. Confidence for success rested in the student body and, it must be said, such confidence was not misplaced. The annual became a reality.

To hark back a way, the class kept up its fine record in athletics, having three men on the Senior football team and two on the Junior team. In basketball two members of the squad were Senior High men, while in baseball we have one of our classmates on the Varsity and two on the Junior team. Fourth High was strongly represented in the Elocution contest this year, for three of our members were able to qualify for the big event; namely, C. Melvin Johnson, J. Harris Patterson and J. Byron Connor.

In conclusion, let this be said, that though we may forget many of the happy little incidents in the past four years, the memory of our respected professors will always linger with us as we journey down the long vista of years towards the gateway of eternity.



Three years ago Sacred Heart College witnessed a great event. The High School Class of 1920 entered that institution! In more ways than one was that a great event. In that year, the year of 1916-17, our class, then Freshman, was the largest class in the school. Division A, under the tutelage of Father Sullivan, and Division B, coached by Fathers Casolaro and Murray, did wonders that year. The one great obstacle was that they were Freshmen. That, however, was not their fault, time being the only thing required to overcome it. In spite of their great disadvantage the class was the best and liveliest in the school. This fact was cheerfully admitted by the upper-classmen. The year fairly flew by—if it did not for some that was not the fault of the class—and soon we found ourselves bidding good-bye to our friends and starting home for three months of bookless and prefectless happiness.

The next September, after a summer of freedom, we were again back, greeting our old friends and welcoming new ones. We were no longer Freshmen and our great disadvantage being finally conquered we were THE greatest class in the College. There was not a bit of doubt about it that year. To all the College we contributed more than our share of first and second team men. One of our men was captain of the basketball team in the Mile-High League. Nor was basketball all in which our class excelled. Under Father Sullivan the highest class marks in the school went to men of the Sophomore High Class. During this year also the upper-classmen were not silent in their praise for us—it was ours freely. As before, the year passed rapidly, for we were nearing the end of the school term. Soon the finals were upon us. Needless to say, no one failed—trust Father Sullivan's teaching for that—and we were once more leaving our friends for a summer of hard-earned rest.

The summer over, we were again back, full-fledged Juniors and with two years of High School behind us. After some difficulty we settled down and began to progress farther along the paths of wisdom. This year our class supplied its quota of athletes and student officers. The captain of the football and basketball teams was one of us. Several of the members of the class earned, through hard work, positions on the football team, covering themselves





JUNIOR HIGH

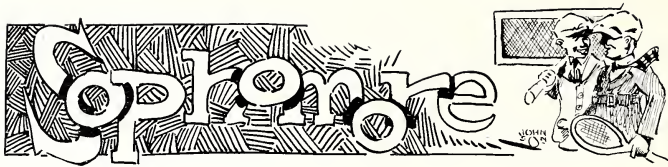


and the class with glory. In the cadet battalion a large number of the members of the Junior Class are officers, and, if we do say it ourselves, as officers they are unexcelled. This has been for us a banner year indeed, and as it draws to its close, we are more than ever proud to be members of Junior High.

Of the former members of the Class of 1920 we are justly proud. One is Ignatius Van Dusen. "Van," as he is more often called, was with us during the year of 1916-17. Soon after school was out in 1917, "Van" decided he would look well in a uniform of Uncle Sam, so he enlisted as a bugler in the army. After a short time he was sent overseas and celebrated his 16th birthday in England. After that he went to France, and from all accounts he has been much under fire. Last September we were exceedingly pleased, but not at all surprised, to read that he had received the "Croix de Guerre" for bravery under fire. It has been but a few weeks since he was released from a hospital in France, having been grassed a second time. We hope soon to have him with us again, and meanwhile we think of him and are not at all surprised at his success, for we, knowing him, know that he could not do less. George Slocum and Godfrey Doyle are also with the colors.

The Class of 1920 will soon leave the College, having passed another milestone on the way to our goal. Next year we shall return and our present ambitions will be fulfilled. We shall be Seniors. That is what we have been working for the past few years. That is what we have now almost attained. After that the Class of 1920 will be gone, and our doings will be history. If that be so, let our actions as a class be such that those following us will always be impressed by the Class of 1920.





In the fall of 1917 there wended their way toward their future home, Sacred Heart College, a throng of boys, many of whom had never seen the College buildings. Some were in short trousers, some in long; some were laughing and others serious; but every one of them was imbued with that self-reliant, faithful spirit which has made the Class of '21 leaders in all forms of school work. At the outset the Freshmen were divided into two classes, one under the strict tutelage of Father Doyle and the other with Father Golden in charge. At first they felt a little awkward and over-awed, as Freshmen are apt to feel, but gradually this wore away and they came to be a part of the school, not only in name but in fact. They no longer innocently knocked at Father Fitzgerald's door and asked for a meal-ticket; they no longer kept to themselves and looked on in silent admiration at the feats of others—they did things themselves. And by the end of the school year an enviable record had been set up, both in work and play. The Clover Club football and baseball teams were almost entirely composed of First High Men. The Junior teams also were honored with several Freshmen, while in tennis two of them captured the Junior doubles. Then, as though enough glory had not been heaped upon the class, Curtis Freiburger won the Junior Elocution Contest. In Father Doyle's class the medal was won by Harry Rohe, and in Division A by Emmet Barry. "Some record" was and is the school-wide consensus of opinion about that Freshman Class.

A three-months' vacation, filled with traveling and camping, and the Class of '21 once again resumed its work. Never again would the word "Freshman" resound in their ears, for now they were full-fledged Sophomores, bearing themselves with great dignity, as Sophomores should do. Where there had been two rooms the previous year, all the students were now united in one with Father McAndrews at their head.

Everything started fine. But suddenly into the quiet peace a bomb burst—the "flu." It had no more respect for colleges than for prisons, for athletes than for poor-house inmates, so there was nothing to do but close the school. Weeks later it opened once again, but this time the students were eager to return after such a tedious enforced absence. And the excellent part of it was that every familiar face was there, for all of them had separately won the game of hide-and-seek with the "flu." Then came work, work, work, for the



SOPHOMORE HIGH

Class of Second High had determined to make up for the precious time lost by harder and more diligent studying.

And now, as they approach the "end of the trail," it becomes apparent how surely they have been leaders throughout the entire term. No class in the College, with the exception of the Senior High, has shown as much school spirit or opened the gates for a greater flow of energy than have the Sophomores. Several Second High men played with the Senior football team and on the baseball team five of them could be found. Not only in these, but in all forms of sport, did the men of '21 lead the field.

For all-around good fellowship and cheerfulness the Sophomores have had no equal, and, with the aid of Father McAndrews (whom the entire class wishes to thank for his efforts and achievements) have succeeded in making this school year a tremendous success.



# Freshman



On September the ELEVENTH, Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen, the Class of '22 first met and approached the field which was, for the next four years, to be their battleground. Having become acquainted with the boys who were to be their comrades and friends throughout their High School days, they settle down to work. Where can there be found, in the whole wide world, a more trying position, a harder job than that of a Freshman? For fully two weeks we were, both collectively and individually, obliged to slink around the yards and bay our troubles to the rising moon. After the novelty of being stared at had worn away and our self-consciousness had dwindled down to nothing, we began, in divers ways, to recognize our own importance and also to advertise it broadcast over our little sphere of life.

Being, as we were, a phenomenally large class, we were, for convenience's sake, divided into two Divisions, A and B respectively.

When the football season opened, both Divisions responded nobly, and soon every position on the Clover Club team was well filled with an able man, and it is a matter of general history and note how this team carried the pennants of First High to victory. In the meanwhile, enthusiasm for the new course of studies waxed high, and First A, under the able tutelage of Father Ryan, challenged Division B to appear against them in a Latin contest. First High B, under the direction of Father Murphy, responded with a will, and after three weeks the two armies met on the field of honor. The fight began and the firing was heavy on both sides, but Division A, through sheer good luck, came out ahead and the enemy retreated in good order. Scarcely had the smoke of battle cleared away when the vanquished sent a challenge to the conquerors to renew the battle. The offer was accepted and the columns were again pitted against each other. Both sides charged and charged again, but both remaining impregnable upon the formidable heights of Latin verbs and nouns, the duel was brought to a close and declared to be a draw. After this both classes rested on their laurels and awaited the coming of their Sophomore year to resurrect the hatchet and renew the war.

When, at the happy suggestion of the popular members of the Senior Class, the two Divisions met to elect their officers, the election was close and





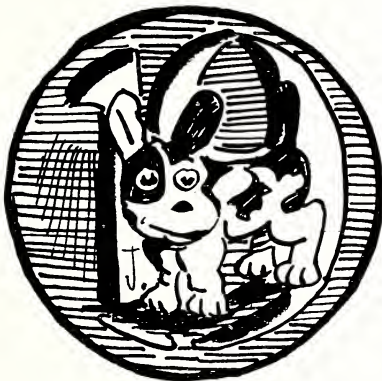
FRESHMAN HIGH A



FRESHMAN HIGH B



spirited. The ancient rivalry between the two classes reasserted itself and the war was for a time reopened. When at last a truce was declared, the results of the elections were announced. Willis Moran, a brilliant scholar and one of the most popular boys in the Junior yard as well as in his own class, was elected president. No better choice than this could possibly have been made, and everyone was justly proud of the result. John Mullins, another popular member of First High, was elected from Division A to occupy the vice-president's chair. Charles Haas, the class pride, was chosen to fill the position of secretary, and Edmund Walsh, the modern Abe Lincoln, was nominated to watch after the finances of the class. Thus both Divisions were equally represented in the ruling body, and they have conducted the class throughout the term in a manner equaled only and surpassed only by the Senior Class. We seek always to follow in their footsteps towards the gates of Success and Popularity. We are now about to leave behind our Freshman year and habits and take up the customs of sedate and proper Sophomores, but we shall always recall with pleasure the trials and sufferings, the joys and pleasures of our Freshman days. May our successors be as happy and contented as we.





# EDITORIAL

Throughout the four years of its peaceful sojourn at Sacred Heart College the Class of Fourth High has done its best to enliven the atmosphere and make itself popular with the older and younger members of the school.

Seniors of the future, continue the work we have begun. To lose interest is to fail. Show your mettle, fight! The ground has been broken; now it's your turn to cultivate it. Show us a Senior Class with no enthusiasm to make itself known, with no ideas for its betterment, with no natural feelings of pride, and you show us a lifeless, indolent, unknown class. Step up, men, and take our places. We leave the ship to you: steer her well and straight lest perhaps she go upon the rocks. Never start anything you cannot bring to accomplishment. Be wise but be valiant. Follow our footsteps and you will undoubtedly prosper. Take heed, our friends, take heed!

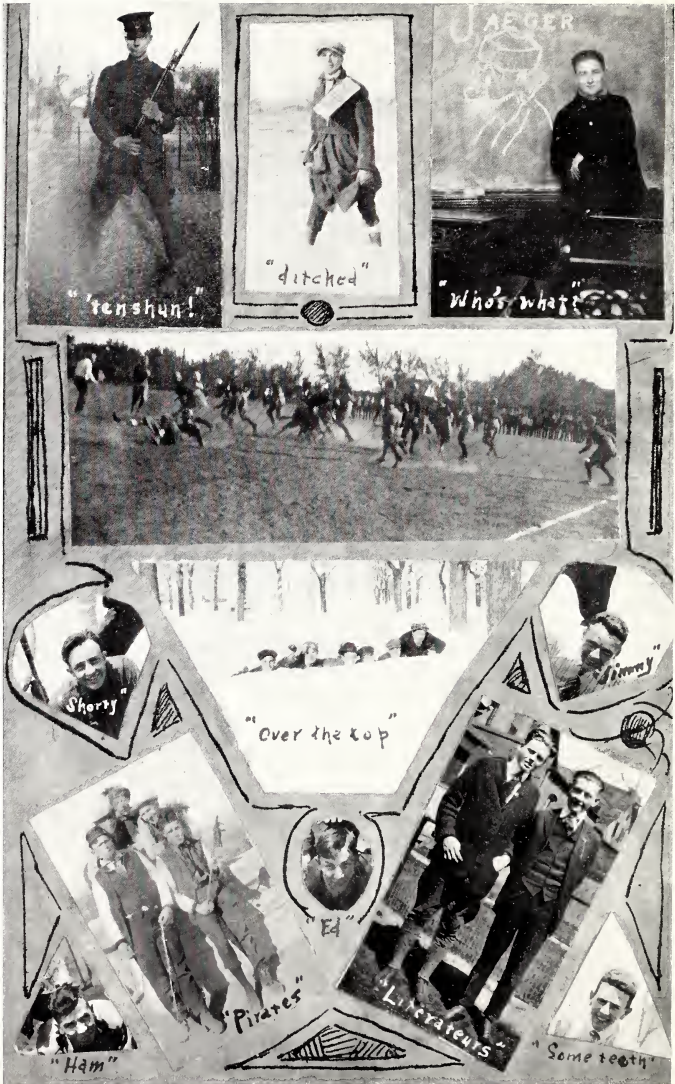
And now farewell. Time that bore us through our High School years now bears us on and past them. The days of our youth are over. Next year will see us scattered broadcast over the laud: some at schools, some at colleges, some abroad and some at home. A few of us will cling together and return to begin our college life; others will be behind the wheels of industry and at professional desks. Whatever come, let us remember the four years we spent together as students of the High School at Sacred Heart College. Recall them to mind and ponder over them. Sometimes they were strewn with difficulties, but "*haec olim meminisse juvabit.*" Remember us, the friends and companions of your High School days. Think of them with sincere affection. Should we ever meet again, receive us as friends, nay, as brothers. Forget us not. Your Alma Mater sends you forth well equipped to stem the tide of life. Think of her with love and veneration, bless her for the happy days you spent beneath her roof and keep fighting with the spirit of the Senior Class of '19. Farewell, dear friends, farewell!

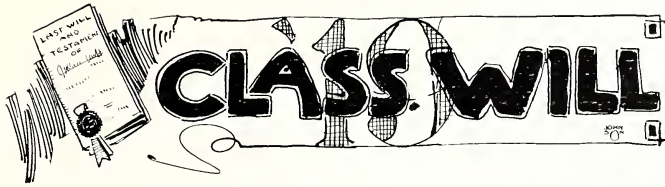
## L'Envoi

"'Tis a long lane that has no turning." This old thought, hackneyed though it may be, strikes us as not inappropriate to the subject which is in our mind just now. We want to say something to the men of S. H. C. who will receive their Bachelor of Arts degree this year. They, indeed, face a turning in the Road of Life—a sharp turn, beyond which lies a leg of their journey they may not now see.

The path that led, tortuous and winding, through Grammar and High School years, brought you to College days. Now the time is fast approaching when the road which led through your College days is to take a new direction. Nay, an open plain—the world—will presently lie before your gaze. You must choose your course. A last fond clasp of the hand, a whispered warning, and your Alma Mater turns to her younger sons. Her duty toward you, though not her affection for you, is at an end. She has nourished you, as she has nourished many before you, to send them out to build the world—to be splendid instruments of construction and good. Your Alma Mater points out to you the path of duty and you do not question her judgment—as she points, there lies your path. She says, "Go ye, my sons. I have nourished you and you have fought and played under my watchful care. There lies your path of duty. Follow it. You have toiled up the long hill of knowledge that the path adown the years might be easier. Know that the blessing of your Mother is yours now and always. God speed you!"







We, the class of Senior High, being in sound mind and of a disposing disposition, do hereby give and bequeath the following:

Collectively:

To the Junior High Class of the present and the Senior High of the future, to them and their successors, we bequeath the monthly "Brown and Gold" with the provision that they treat it with all the respect and consideration due to its position;

To Father Carroll our complete ignorance of all things scientific;

To Freshman Class we bequeath our startling inability to tackle Second High matter;

To Father Doyle we bequeath our inclinations to slumber and repose during the Latin and Greek classes;

To Sophomore Class we bequeath our natural propensity to do everything that is contrary and directly opposite to law and order;

To Rev. Father Krenz we bequeath our complete knowledge of Christian Evidences with the sincere desire that he return it three-fold to our successors;

To Fathers Murphy and Palacio the members of their classes give their complete lists of irregular French and Spanish verbs;

The commercial class bequeath their incomplete bookkeeping sets to Father Sebastiani, with the request that he correct, finish and return them next year;

To the Reverend President and the Reverend Principal we give our undying affection both on our part and on behalf of the student body. We owe much to them for having borne with us so kindly during the past four years.

Individually:

I, Melvin Johnson, bequeath to William Powers my excessive fondness for hard work;

I, Harris Patterson, to Arnold Bunte, my ability to write perfect verse;

I, Frank Kowalezyk, to William Turner, my slight figure;

I, William Powers, to Fermen Bischofberger, my class leadership;

I, William Freeman, to Oscar Snyder, my high ambition;

I, Raymond Grass, to Henry Waldron, my ignorance of Virgilian Latin;  
I, Henry Hoefler, to James Finn, my power to make myself a pest;  
I, Peter Finnerty, to Melvin Johnson, my power of witticism;  
I, John Hayden, to Mahlon Johnson, my class presidency;  
I, Harold Gibbons, to Gerald Kelly, my inclination to slumber during  
Trigonometry;

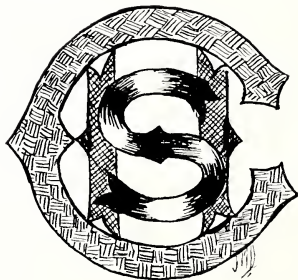
I, Frederick Burke, to Frank Kowalczyk, my iconoclastic tendencies;

I, Forrest Johnson, to Edward Morton, my speed;

I, James Finn, to myself, my Annapolis appointment.

Executed this 15th day of May in the year of our Lord 1919, knowing that  
one month from this day we shall be an organization of the past. In witness  
whereof we do hereto set our name.

THE SENIOR CLASS.







Yes, the "Bug House" is still a part and parcel of old Sacred Heart College. It is the same renowned place, the only place, as the boarders say, to spend the nine long months of school—it is a place where one feels "at home." What boarder would be contented to return from his summer's vacation, knowing that he would have to "bunk" in the Dormitory, or even in the famous Japtown or Chinatown, if he had experienced a year's comfort in the "little red house across the way?" Do not all boarders look forward with great expectancy to the day when they will be "big" and allowed to have a room in the "Bug House?" Do they not consider this a great mark of distinction and the finish of one lap of that journey through High School and College?

But what is this famous "Bug House?" If perchance you ever visit the Campus of S. H. C., the first thing of note you chance upon, as you approach, is a large, dignified looking structure. No, it is not the summer White House that stares at you from the most prominent part of the grounds, but it is the "Bug House." Set in the midst of a grove of beautiful trees, with the air of a dignified old gentleman it seems to say to each passerby: "Are you looking for the College of the Sacred Heart? If so, here I am."

## Oriental

Chinatown? No, it is not part of the Orient, nor do we see the wizened faces of Chinese running about in their wooden shoes, and with long queues. It is merely a section of the College sleeping rooms. And for those who have long since left that "renowned" Chinatown it still holds cherished memories. What a tale those grim yellow walls could tell if they were to gain speech in some mysterious way! What stories they could relate of the ancient wars of the "Chinese" against their old enemies, the "Japs" of Japtown! But that is something new. And where does the Japtown come in?

Japtown, another section of living rooms, instituted for the purpose of curbing the spirit of Chinatowners. And each year this friendly warfare is carried on. Woe to the sleeping inmates of either of these two rivals who are caught napping!



## Battle Song of S. H. C.

We'll sing a song of victory,  
We'll sing out loud and clear,  
A Battle Song for S. H. C.,  
Old school that knows no peer.  
Her warriors stand to do and dare,  
True warriors, brave and bold,  
They'll fight for love and glory there—  
Under the Brown and Gold!

### CHORUS

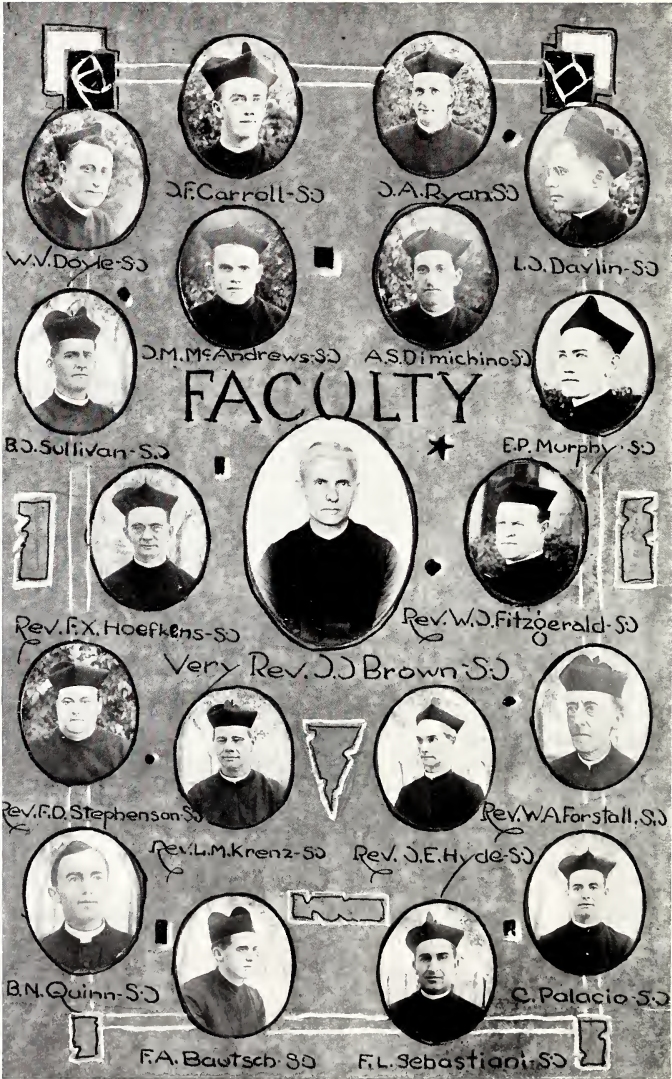
Then lift your voices to the sky  
And set the welkin ringing,  
The battle cry is "Do or die!"  
They'll struggle to our singing,  
Old S. H. C. will win the day,  
O, victory's bells are ringing!  
Off to the fray with a mad hurra,  
And fight to our glad singing!

March forth, ye heroes, on the field,  
Like soldiers tried and true,  
Where foemen's ranks will surely yield  
And victory waits for you.  
We'll crown your brows with laurel leaf,  
Like victors crowned of old:  
Triumphant songs shall banish grief—  
Under the Brown and Gold.

### CHORUS

Then lift your voices to the sky, etc.









## Football

It was a rip, a roar and a bang that started off the football season at Sacred Heart College. In response to the call given by Father Sullivan a few days after school started, twenty-five husky lads donned the moleskin for the first work-out. One thing was conspicuous. Owing to the fact that most of last year's squad had answered the call of Uncle Sam, there was only one letter man to appear on the field this year. The other twenty-four had little or no football experience. Snyder, the only letter man back, was elected captain by a unanimous vote.

Do you think the lack of experienced men was enough to make our coach lose heart? Well, I should say not! Instead of giving up the idea of a football team, Father Sullivan could be found daily out on the field instructing his men in the very rudiments of the game. After much hard work he finally whipped his team into shape and then set out to find games.

But alas! that was easier said than done. It was almost impossible to get games with the high schools of the city, and the team was not large enough to tackle universities. After exerting much energy he was finally successful in booking a few games which were to be played in the month of October—but you know what happened then. The "flu" came around and school was closed six weeks. So the games had to be called off.

After the epidemic was brought under control, and school once again started, the football team reported on the very first night for practice. After a week Father Sullivan once more had a fast squad of well-trained and hardened athletes. But games could not be obtained now for love nor money, so football season was brought to a close. The only chance the team had of showing its superior skill was in scrimmages with North and West Denver high schools. Even though games could not be obtained the team practiced with wonderful vigor and reported on time every night. For this and their willingness to learn the team must be congratulated.

Given below is the lineup and their positions:

Palrang, center	G. Kelly, end	Farley, halfback
Bours, guard	Jaeger, end	Patterson, fullback
Kleine, guard	Snyder, quarterback	Bacon, guard
Taaffe, tackle	(captain)	C. Kelly, guard
Loftus, tackle	Magner, halfback	J. Burns, end



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM  
*Top Row*—Snyder (Capt.), Jaeger, Palrang, Loftus, Billsoly  
*Second Row*—Grace, Patterson, Farley  
*Third Row*—Stunek, Vega, Roberts



## Basketball

Football season was no sooner gone than the summons for basketball was given. But here again the old fact was staring us in the face—we lacked experienced men. However, there were four of last year's men back in suits, so the prospects brightened up. As our basketball season started before many teams had been organized, Father Sullivan had a happy thought, and without delay put it into execution. He formed a league of three teams from among the aspirants, and the close and hard-fought battles between the Anzaes, the Tommies and the Yanks afforded not only invaluable practice for outside games but also created much interest and enthusiasm in the Senior yard. After some very tight and lively games among the contesting teams the Anzaes were the prize-winners and the Yanks had to be contented with second place.

It was after Christmas that the basketball team started to do real work. As a member of the Rocky Mountain League, they played their scheduled games and between league games looked about for new scalps, taking on some of the best teams in the state.

Great credit should be given to the efficiency of the coach, Father Sullivan, whose untiring work and thorough knowledge of the game put the team on a working basis worthy of the old "rep" of S. H. C. despite the adverse conditions he had to face. Snyder ably captained the squad and made up for his smallness in stature by covering considerable territory with much aggressiveness.

The other forward, "Jimmie" Grace, a man who could not have been easily dispensed with, was aggressive, using brains and brawn, and rarely missing a basket when the opportunity presented itself.

In Patterson the team had an excellent center. It was indeed a good center who could get the "tip off" from him. His work under the basket was excellent. Loftus at guard showed up wonderfully, always playing his usual consistent game.

The team was indeed proud of Smelzer, a man who excelled all others in the league at guard. His playing was exceptionally fine throughout the season.

Marion also played guard, and his work in getting the ball from his opponents and the art of working it down the floor could not be surpassed.

### SECOND TEAM

As the competition was so keen, many a good man could be found on the second team. The team work and speed soon became the comment of the school. For the first time in the history of the school the second team was matched against University second teams. They showed up exceptionally well against these teams. D. U. second team only beat them by two points, while Mines were fortunate enough to take the game by three points. In all, the second team was a credit to the old "rep" made by their predecessors.



SENIOR BASEBALL TEAM  
*Top Row*—Snyder, Grace, Dunn (Capt.), Lombardi  
*Second Row*—Burns, McCarthy, Farr, Brannick  
*Lower Row*—Palrang, Patterson, Magner

## Baseball

With the return of spring we once more took up our bats and balls and proceeded to the field, where we began a stiff course of practice under the direction of Father Sullivan. Although the early season prospects were poor, still after persistent practice we developed a team equal to those of former years. Our strength was shown up, especially in our victory over Colorado University.

With Snyder on the mound, whose trusty "wing" could always be depended upon for a large percentage of strikeouts, we were all confident of winning the majority of our games. Snyder did not lose a game. His best effort was against C. U.

Captain Paul Dunn was a tower of strength on the initial sack, always being sure of the low and wide ones, while his throw was perfect. Leo Martin made good use of his "left" on the mound and did efficient work. Grace at short was easily as good as any man who had ever tackled that section of the diamond in former years. He, as someone ably put it, "was everywhere at all times." His batting was a big asset to the team. The entire infield was in perfect working order, running like a perfectly well oiled machine. The outfield was guarded by Patterson, Lombardi, Farr and Toner, all reliable men. Toner deserves special mention for his sure fielding and deadly throws to the home plate from left field. Kopp, alias Metz, hailed from the Juniors, and broke into College ball by holding D. U. to five hits. He also showed good stuff when he started a ninth inning rally by standing up and letting McKenzie hit him in the back with a fast one—but we won't mention that. Gerald Kelly also played his first College ball this year and broke a "shut-out" in the D. U. game by a timely punch and by stealing home.

Altogether, considering everything, we are more than pleased with the season's record. Discontinuing our schedule early, we are contented with having lost only four out of eighteen games played and having defeated some of Colorado's best.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

J. Burns (Capt.), D. Lombardi, W. Bilisoly, C. Haas, F. Bischofberger



JUNIOR BASEBALL TEAM, 1919

*Top Row*—C. Kopp, W. Bilisoly, F. Bischofberger, J. Healy, J. Walsh  
*Second Row*—W. Turner, J. Miller, D. Lombardi, G. Kelly (Capt.)  
*Lower Row*—J. Downing, J. Canino, Mascot, C. Haas

## Junior Athletics

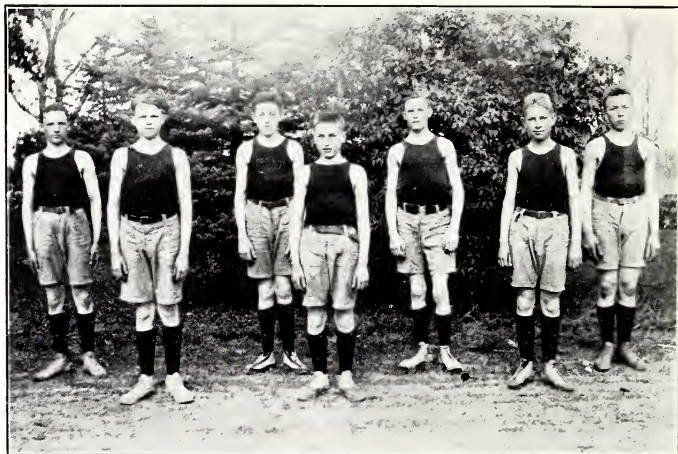
Material for the football team was good both in number and quality. With Father Quinn to whip it into shape, the prospect for a banner season was bright indeed. Several games were played in which the Juniors made a creditable showing, but the team disbanded upon the school being closed, and football was thus brought to an abrupt ending. Bischofberger captained the eleven like a veteran. The splendid work of James Finn, a member of Senior High, at halfback, was especially commendable.

When the snow began to fly and the cold wind whistled around the corners of the gym the candidates for the Junior basketball five, scantily but appropriately attired, hopped on the floor and began to receive their initial instructions in the art of shooting baskets. In a short time the five fortunate ones were picked out of the squad. They quickly developed speedy team work and endurance and began to roll 'em in with gratifying accuracy. When the first game on the schedule was played they were as trim-looking a crowd of young athletes as anyone would wish to see.

Throughout the season the five came off victorious in nearly all their games. The basketball season in the Junior yard was a splendid success.

Then came spring and the lure of the diamond. It was hard work selecting a nine from the large number of likely candidates, but the job was finally accomplished. Of the first nine games played eight were victories for the Juniors. Kopp, alias "Metz," showed his old-time ability on the mound and deserves a great deal of credit for the team's success. But he had eight real ball-tossers to help him out, and this they did with a vengeance.





CLOVER BASKETBALL TEAM

Morton, Danos, Carlin, Langlois, McCullough, Gifford, Spitzer (Capt.)



CLOVER BASEBALL TEAM

*Top Row*—Collopy, Dunn (Capt.), Lawler, Rohe, Freiberger, Spitzer  
*Second Row*—Grote, Friend, Knight, McCaddon, McCullough  
*Lower Row*—Kelleher, Earley, Carlin

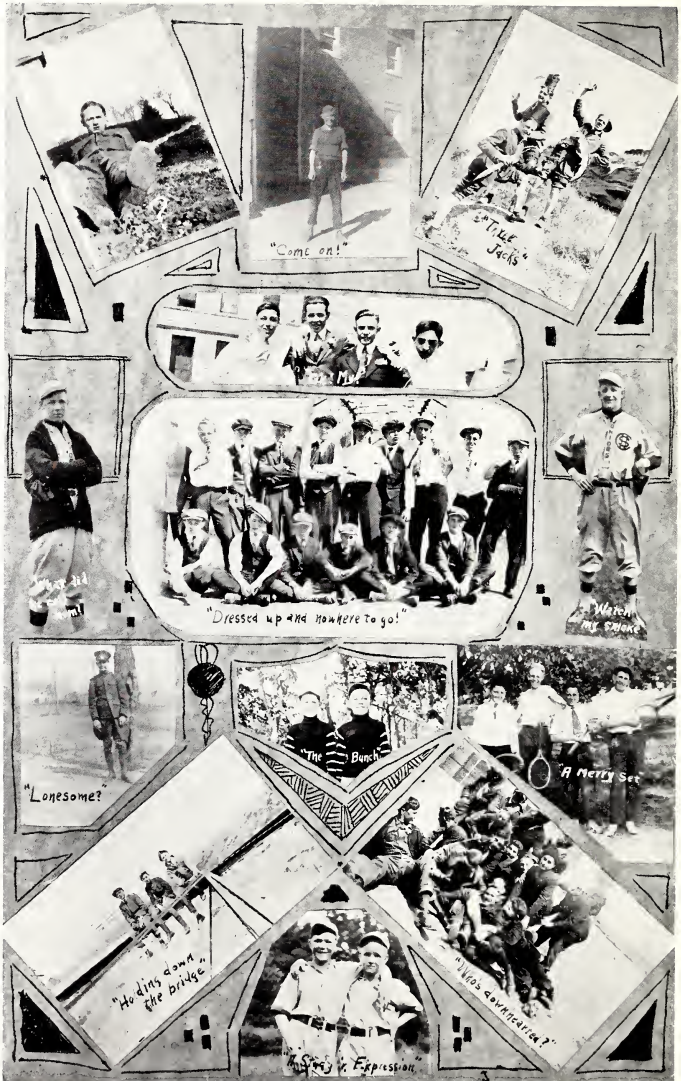
## The Minor League

As usual, the Clover Club in the Junior yard was represented by fast teams in every department of athletics. The Freshman Class commonly furnishes men for teams flying the banner of this well-known organization. And, believe me, James, their teams are the class. The varsity may have an "off-year," and the Juniors, too, but the Clovers—look up their record.

Football, as you may know, went by the board. That is, "there wasn't none." And you know the reason—a tiny bug, invisible to the naked eye, but carrying an awful punch—the "flu germ."

Basketball—O boy! Eight games—a good schedule for us—in which we scored 268 points to the enemies' 100. Of course, we came out victors in every contest. Gee, we were proud of our Clover Club basket shooters. Captain Spitzer, at guard, was an almost impassable barrier. Morton, running guard, was everywhere always. Jimmy McCullough, the "tip-off" man, besides playing the game well, displayed wonderful powers of endurance. Langlois, the smallest man on the team, attracted the admiration of the bigger athletes and was uncannily precise in throwing goals. His running mate, Gifford, was less steady, but his shots were generally more sensational. Carlin and Danos, extra men, were always on hand to fill a position, which they would do in fine fashion.

It was hoped that the baseball season would be equally successful, as indeed it was. Columbian took us by surprise in the early part of the season and gave us a drubbing, but we afterwards defeated them, 4 to 3, in a real ball game. Clayton College, last year's champions in Junior baseball, met us on our grounds. This was a crucial game for the Clovers. The Clayton team was fresh from a 17-to-4 win over Aaron Gove. The game was witnessed by a good-sized crowd. Clover Club came out winners by the close score of 2 to 0. The clever pitching of Rohe and the timely hitting of Carlin and McCaddon were responsible for the victory. We won the rest of our games and trust to keep up the good work in the contests still to be played.





Just yesternoon I chanced to stray  
Across the fields so green,  
And sat beside a mirror lake  
Beneath the skies serene;  
It seemed as tho' the years were fled,  
And these fair forms were seen:

Full twenty years had glided by  
Since graduation day:  
I left my comrades all behind,  
And softly heard them say:  
"Our joy is done, we board the ship  
That sails o'er life's deep bay."

The form of Freeman first appeared,  
A lawyer bold was he,  
With heavy frown and books of law,  
They were a sight to see.  
I wondered if he took the cash  
And made the convict free.

Next Burke, the short, to me appeared;  
He kept a grocery store,  
And all the night he counted gold  
Upon the dusty floor.  
And day by day the prices raised  
Till Burke got trade no more.

Then Connor next appeared to me;  
He owned the business world,  
And those who would not bow to him  
Were from the doorway hurled;  
His counting-room was filled with clerks,  
His name on papers curled.

Then Finnerty, the brave, came forth,  
A pen behind his ear;  
An author famed throughout the world,  
Nor aught had he to fear;  
In every state from sea to sea  
His sacred name we hear.

Then Forrest Johnson at me peered:  
He owned a ranch with land  
Where cattle grazed upon the grass,  
Though most of it was sand,  
He'd bought it from a "bunco-man,"  
Got stung to beat the band.

Then Patterson, the tall, rose up  
And stared me in the eye;  
A fine old doctor, bold as brass,  
He'd like to hear you sigh  
And then to tell you what you had;  
'S enough to make you cry.

Jim Mullins was in politics,  
He was big and bald and fat;  
For alderman and mayor, and now  
For this and now for that,  
At last Success smiled down on him—  
As governor he sat.

Wild Hayden is a senator  
In Washington this year;  
He pounds his desk and shouts and raves  
'Bout nothing, it is clear;  
He's there to see the sights and shows,  
To him there's nothing dear.

Kowalezyk runs a pawnshop where  
The rich can come and sink  
Their clothes and jewels in the pawn  
And carry off Frank's chink,  
While he sits still and solemnly  
Gives each one there the wink.



If you should ever want to know  
About your Hupmobile,  
Just go to Grass, he'll tell you true,  
And for your money feel:  
Unless you watch, he'll from your purse  
Your last sad dollar steal.

Now Gibbons is a movie man,  
And acts the hero grand,  
And like a hero waves his sword,  
And bids the villain stand:  
He rescues all the girls and kids,  
And holds them by the hand.

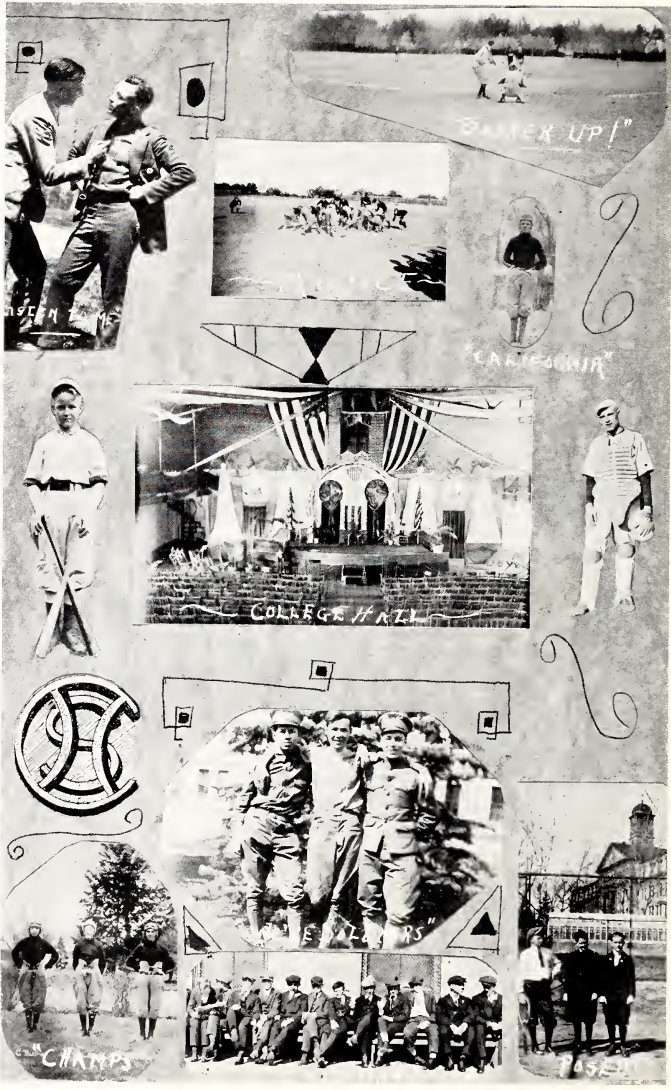
Next Finn, the great, that noble man,  
An admiral in brief,  
He sails the seas on sturdy oaks,  
And pirates come to grief:  
He'll win a name, if name there be,  
Is all our firm belief.

Slim, handsome Hoeffler leads the life  
Of banker to us all,  
At his mere word or little nod  
Our stocks will rise or fall:  
Oh! treat him kindly, gentlemen,  
He's big e'en though he's small.

Bill Powers owns the tramway,  
And raises each one's fare  
Until they think to live they'll have  
To go and pawn their hair.  
But he should worry—folks must ride,  
It is not his affair.

And last of all, but yet not least,  
I see myself appear  
A weary Willie, free as air:  
O what a sad career!  
At this last shock I stirred and woke—  
It's all a dream, I fear.

C. MELVIN JOHNSON.

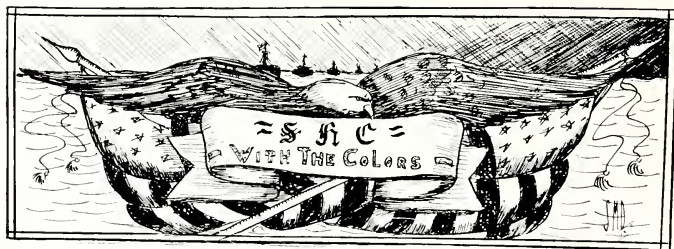




Although military training was but recently inaugurated at the College, it has been the pride of the institution from the very start. The authorities were happy in securing an instructor who was an able commander and a general favorite. The cadet system has grown and prospered, until today it is a prominent and popular feature in the school. To Lieutenant George Minot, U. S. A., we, the Senior Class, in the name of the entire High School, wish to express our sincere gratitude and appreciation for his untiring endeavor. Students, on their part, responded nobly to his efforts and, by their diligence, good-will and cheerfulness, merited several fine compliments from his lips. If our country shall ever have need of men, S. H. C. Cadets will not be entirely lacking in the first principles of warfare.

It is our opinion that military training is a road to both health and pleasure. Moreover, it accustoms a boy to the habit of obedience and makes a man of him all around. It squares his shoulders and puts energy and life into his steps. Such are bound to keep in the great game of life. Even though he "kicks" now, he will one time praise the day when Fortune threw this jewel across his path.

Military training was placed on a fine basis immediately following the resumption of school after the "flu" epidemic. At first we had three companies which consisted of the classes of Senior and Junior High as Company "A." Freshman and Sophomore High were Company "B" and "C," respectively. Owing to the various sizes of the men in each company, it was finally arranged that the companies should be made up according to the size. This proved much more satisfactory. The three companies were formed into a battalion, which had its own staff. In fact, a casual glance would have caused a stranger to mistake the cadets for army veterans.



That service flag! Of course, you know what we are talking about. What else could it be other than *our service flag*? You have no doubt seen those 274 blue stars and the six gold ones that adorn our flag. No doubt you have wondered at the number, but then did you take into consideration the fact that dear old S. H. C. has been in existence for over thirty years? Did you take into account the fact that these heroes of ours—for they are no less—have had patriotism drilled into their very souls by Alma Mater?

We students and alumni, all of us sons of S. H. C., would like to have anyone name us a school, no matter where it be or what it be, that responded more quickly or more generously to the call of the country. We believe that it is impossible to do so.

We watched our men that have remained on this side, and we saw them going about their daily duties in the camps, preparing themselves—and others too—to meet the foe. We saw them fighting, clamoring for the chance to go to France, for the chance to be in the thick of the fight. Some did not go across the seas, but it was not because they did not want to go.

On the far-off fields of France we beheld, in fancy, our old companions wading through mud and gore; we saw them wounded, bruised, cut and bleeding, but they have always had that old look in their eyes. You know the look; you have seen it on the faces of our athletes in the field.

"Do or die," it said, more plainly than words. That slogan every S. H. C. man has ever nailed to the mast. It stands for victory or death. Yes, from "over here" we watched them "over there;" we saw them go over the top; we saw our heroes wounded; yea, we saw them die. Not all those six gold stars stand for our boys who were struck down by foemen's bullets, for some died of sickness contracted in camp, but all of them died as soldiers actually in service and were laid to rest with honors paid only to heroes. Heroes, indeed, they were. Sacred Heart College shall not soon forget them.

# Society



## THE SENIOR CLASS

In the sage eyes of the members of the Senior Class no society to which they belong is looked upon with greater pleasure and regarded with such esteem by them as the organized Senior Class Society. To this august body every member claims, and is proud of, his affiliation. The society, moreover, is esteemed by the entire college.

## THE MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY

The Modern Language Society is another organization which is in high repute among Sacred Heart men. This society was founded shortly after the beginning of the second semester. Its success was a credit to its founders, Father Murphy and Father Palacio, instructors of French and Spanish, respectively, conceived and carried out the idea of such a body. Though many of us devote our language periods to the study of Latin and Greek, and do not enjoy membership in the Modern Language Society, we nevertheless wish the society continued success for next year.

## THE LOYOLA DEBATING SOCIETY

This organization, a pioneer institution of the College, has taught many of us in a practical manner how to defend our views on current issues. Its success and popularity are unquestioned. The questions debated under the auspices of this society are up to the minute and are always warmly contested.

## THE ACADEMIC LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The A. L. D. S. is the largest debating society in the school. It is composed of the members of Sophomore and Junior High classes. It is to this society that many of the better debaters of the Loyola Debating Society owe their start. In the A. L. D. S. you have that shaky feeling taken out of your knees. Under the able supervision of Father Doyle this society has progressed wonderfully during the last year. The last debate of the season dealt with the question of compulsory military training in high schools. In this debate especially members of each side showed genuine ability. Oscar Snyder was president; Mahlon Johnson, vice-president; Fernan Bischofberger, secretary, and Gerald Kelly, treasurer.



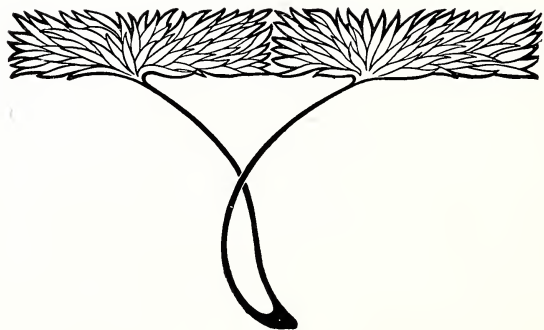
## COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

The College Orchestra always enlivens the reading of marks in public with choice selections. It is composed of the musically inclined among the students and is ably directed by Father Dimichino. This society not only adds tone to all public exhibitions given by our men, but its reputation is such that it is frequently engaged to play outside the college. Professor Senosian, instructor on the violin at the College, himself a musician of no little ability, is always eager to play with the orchestra.

## THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club is another musical organization under the direction of Father Dimichino. Its members are never lacking at public entertainments and are always well received. On solemn occasions in the chapel the Glee Club becomes the choir and adds devotion to the sacred services.

Owing to the epidemic, social activities on the part of Senior Class were somewhat meager. Save for a class dance given at the home of Byron Connor and a few private parties at which the majority of the class were present, the year has been barren of all festivities. However, we do not complain, but sincerely hope that the Senior Class of the future may find circumstances such as to allow of frequent gatherings of its members.



# Prize Short Story.



## A Fragment From College Life

The graduating class of Hardale were a very self-centered body of youths. Upon their brows deliberation sat and the habit of dignity enveloped them. They never wore "jerseys," and whenever the crowd got rude and boisterous, they severally absented themselves after calling attention to the fact. They regarded the classes under them as composed of so many menials who were incapable of any depth of thought. The Sophomores were, in their eyes, the naughty children who inhabited the region behind the gym and smoked hemp cigarettes. If anyone spoke of a Freshman in presence of a Senior, that worthy, shocked beyond measure, left the room.

The one boarder in the banner class struggled under the name of B. Preston Jones. He was a breezy individual, and as an innocent Freshman he told the fellows that "he stood in with a tough bunch in his town, stayed out nights, and that it was his ambition to become expert in running the 'shell game.'" Of course, the Sophs heard this and commenced to whittle their paddles. So that B. Preston, after the application of the paddles, became a wiser boy. As he rose to the rank of Senior he did not forget his "Fresh" days, and the idea was ever in his mind to keep the Freshmen in their places. But as we shall see, he was due for a jolt. He believed that every new fellow ought to be treated after the manner in which the upper classmen had, but ere Saturday dawned his attitude was to undergo a decided change. So he trudged over to his room in Vadlin Hall, the House of Lords and abode of the blessed.

There was in Company C a young Freshman who, since he was not an intellectual Hercules, had won for himself the title of "Stupid." His none too happy life was rendered an absolute agony by Jones, who had declared that "Stupid" was probably struck violently on the head with a casting in his youthful days, as he could not naturally have such a supply of sheer ignorance. So he, being captain of the company, put "Stupid" on extra duty.

That night, in his room, Jones was struck with a longing for the bright lights. He had heard the wild tales of his "day-scholar" classmates, and he resolved to take a taste of the sporting life himself. He drew from his lock box the gigantic sum of \$1.15 and, pocketing it, walked blandly out the front door as if going to the college building. When he had reached a safe distance, he turned in a different direction.

But the fates were against him. Somebody saw him hurrying off in the twilight and had informed the Supervisor of Vadlin Hall. He made a hurried search through the rooms but, by some mischance, overlooked Jones' room. But the informer protested that he was sure it was a student he had seen, and the Supervisor took up his position on the porch with the silent resolve to act as a sort of reception committee upon the prodigal's return.

That same night "Stupid" and a room companion had applied for "early beds." They were detained in the infirmary, pending investigation, and, after telling the infirmary a gruesome tale of their many infirmities, received the coveted permission.

This they showed to their Supervisor in the Study Hall, but instead of going to bed, they decided to take a walk in the cool night air. The first place that came to their minds was the corner store. As they stealthily made their way to the corner, "Stupid" noticed the dark form of the Supervisor on the porch of Vadlin Hall.

"Say, Bert, what is he doin' over there?"

"Shut up, you hick! If he hears us we're sure dead ones!"

"Bert, Dog-face told me Pres Jones sneaked to town. I'll bet he's waitin' for him."

"Golly! that's right, Stupid, we ought to put him wise."

With this both students broke into a run for the corner. Arriving at last, instead of going into the store they feverishly waited for the car. One passed, but no Jones, and they were beginning to give up hope when another car arrived and P. Jones, fresh from the white lights, got off. "Stupid" started to speak, but Jones cut him off with a sneer and proceeded through the darkness to the Hall. He had almost got to the corner of the yard when he spied the reception committee and dropped to the ground.

Meanwhile the two Freshmen ran down the path to the College. Just as they reached the side gate, which is in full view of the Hall across the road, "Stupid" exclaimed: "Oh! Bert, I'm dyin'. Help! Get some help!" And he fell flat on the ground.

The Supervisor left the porch and ran toward the dying boy. Jones, on the verge of despair, watched the whole performance. He saw the ruse and acted at once. He gained his room unobserved. Of course "Stupid" was only shamming and next day he was put on post. But Jones' heart was touched, he saw the sacrifice of "Stupid." So he called on the Principal and confessed the whole thing. He would not stand to see so good a sport suffer. Now, if there ever was a man with a heart on the wide earth, it was the Principal. He saw the sincerity of the offender and the magnanimity of the ignorant "Stupid." He looked back at his own happy boyhood days when he, too, had his ups and downs at college. Both Jones and "Stupid" were excused, but the whole affair remained a secret in the hearts of the two culprits and the Principal.

P. K. FINNERTY.

## An Important Parcel

Anyone hearing the name might have believed that Private Muldoon was Irish, but that was far from being the case. He was a fullblooded Missourian and was driving a team of good old Missouri mules across Flanders' sea of mud following the Yankee advance. It was dark and a heavy mist filled the air. Muldoon looked worried. The 91st Regiment was supposed to be somewhere in the yawning blackness ahead, and unless he reached them mighty soon they would go hungry. But that was not the chief cause for his hurry, for, inside his coat, nestling next to his heart, was a small parcel wrapped in several thicknesses of brown paper and carefully sewed. It was evident, judging from the care with which he carried it, that much depended on its safe delivery.

Big German shells whizzed by, those which fell near showering the surrounding region with lumps of mud and fragments of dead bodies. Star shells held up their beacon for a few seconds, while machine guns cracked and then both died down slowly, only to be renewed somewhere farther along the line. If Private Muldoon had not been so engrossed in thought he would have remembered that star-shells and machine guns are only used in No-Man's Land, and not way back of the line where he was supposed to be. But he rumbled along, thinking only of the parcel and what it contained, when suddenly a sharp command given in German awoke him with a jolt.

The dim light of a distant star-shell revealed six burly Boches pointing wicked looking bayonets at him, while one, a lieutenant, held an automatic in either hand. Muldoon swore and reached for his own gun on the seat behind him, but another gesticulated command ordered him to stretch his arms. Now Muldoon, being an American, was not afraid of any squad of Boches who ever lived, but since he had not great love for cold steel he did as he was commanded. An immense Prussian rushed at him to haul him off the seat. He thought then that his time had come, for he knew that Prussians took no prisoners. But just then a happy thought struck, and instead of the jump which he was intending to make he gave a low whistle. Promptly on hearing this the left hind mule of his team gave the Prussian a prodigious kick and the fellow collapsed with a groan. The lieutenant swore savagely in Prussian, low German and Dutch, all of which was Chinese to Muldoon, who was only trying to hide his laughter as best he could.

"Shoot the pig," yelled the lieutenant as soon as he could choke it out, and the men with their Prussian sense of humor began taking pot shots at Muldoon's ears. Muldoon, discovering that he could wiggle them for the first time in his life, began whistling "Where do we go from here?" keeping time with his ears.

"Vait," shouted the officer, "search him."

Muldoon groaned, for he was determined not to return to camp without the parcel to which he had clung so closely. Help came before it was expected, however, for the same enemy light which helped in the work revealed to one of the Germans a squad of Yankees coming at them through the mud. His scream, which was swallowed up as he disappeared beneath the surface of the nearest mudhole, warned his companions, who wheeled about just in time to be cut down with a volley of lead. Muldoon found himself confronted by the Sergeant.

"What are you doing out here on this kind of a night with a wagon?"

"Doing, sir? Why! I was just driving along behind the 91st when those jerries popped up and then you came along."

"Behind the 91st? But they're a mile back to the left; you must be lost."

"Must be, sir; but I guess I'd better hurry along back—it's getting late."

"All right, we'll keep you company. We were on our way in when we spotted you."

So Private Muldoon, the Sergeant and the rest of the squad started back across that barren shell-torn field, splashing through the mud and trying to avoid the deepest pits. On the way over the Sergeant began bragging about his men and his exploits, wonderful deeds of valor and bravery which he told for the first time to anyone. Now if there was anything Muldoon hated it was a braggart, one who is continually boasting about himself, and because of this hatred and no wrong intention except to make the Sergeant feel cheap he leaned over and whispered his own secret in his ear.

"Don't tell anyone, but I've got an important parcel for someone up at headquarters. They're in a hurry to get it, so I must show some speed." And with that he pulled out the little paper bundle to confirm his statement. The plan worked admirably. The Sergeant looked amazed and jealous for a moment and then, as if he suddenly recalled something, he exclaimed excitedly:

"An important parcel, eh? Why, man, it must be the very one the 'cap.' told me to look out for; whip those mules up, we've got to get out of here quick; he told me to bring you right up." Then realizing that his talkativeness might cost him some trouble, Muldoon tried to explain that it was a mistake and that he did not carry any such message. But seeing was believing with the Sergeant.

"But, sir, the captain never told—"

"That's all right. I'll tell him I recognized you. There won't be any trouble about that," the Sergeant reassured him. "Don't say any more about it. Shell holes have ears."

"But, sir, I—"

"Hush, I told you not to talk out here, there might be spies all around. Whip up those mules again, we've got to get there before light."

Muldoon swung the long lash around his head and cracked it viciously at the team, and as the big wagon skidded through the mud he cursed his unlucky stars that he had ever mentioned that parcel. Now he was in for it. He wondered anxiously what the Captain would say.

The surefooted mules struggled along patiently and after what seemed an eternity the woods in which the Regiment was encamped loomed up before them.

"Halt! Who goes there?" The sentry's voice sounded ominously from the blackness ahead.

"A friend," yelled back the Sergeant.

"Advance and be identified."

They were allowed to pass and soon there was a crowd of angry and hungry men clamoring about the wagon and denouncing Muldoon for the delay. At the order of the Sergeant he left the provisions in the care of another "non-com" and was reluctantly hurried to headquarters by his companion. The Captain was absent so the Lieutenant of the staff carried the message straight to the General, who, even though he was attending to very pressing business, dropped it when he heard what was wanted.

"You say a sergeant is without, bringing with him a private who bears important dispatches? Admit them at once."

The Lieutenant saluted, about faced, and left the room. A few moments later he conducted the corksne Sergeant and unhappy Muldoon into the General's august presence. In despair Muldoon saluted with the Sergeant and stood at attention. To the General's surprise, when he asked for the parcel Muldoon shook his head in anguish. He declared that it was the Sergeant's mistake, that he had never said he carried a parcel for the General. The General, determined to sift the matter thoroughly, turned to the Sergeant.

"You said the man had important dispatches for me, did you not?"

"Yes, sir. I was out in No Man's Land when I found him wandering around with some Jerries, and when I sent them hunting holes he told me he had a package for headquarters."

"No, sir, I didn't tell—" broke in Muldoon in a frantic effort to save himself. He had hoped to explain to the Captain, but with the General it was all off.

"Silence!" said the General. "Did you see this parcel, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir, he showed it to me."

"What's your name and your regiment?" he snapped at Muldoon.

"Muldoon, sir, of the 91st."

"Why do you deny carrying this message when you showed it to the Sergeant? Sergeant, search the man."

The Sergeant having seen Muldoon place the package under his coat, promptly produced it. Muldoon with a cry tried to snatch it back, but a sharp command brought him up to a rigid attention. The General took the package, laid it on his desk and carefully cut the threads on it with a knife handed him by the Lieutenant. Expecting a bundle of official papers, he was unprepared for that which struck his eye. With a little kind of choke he bowed his head, and it was several minutes before he again looked up and spoke. His voice was no longer that of the stern General, but rather that of a man to whom tender memories are being recalled.

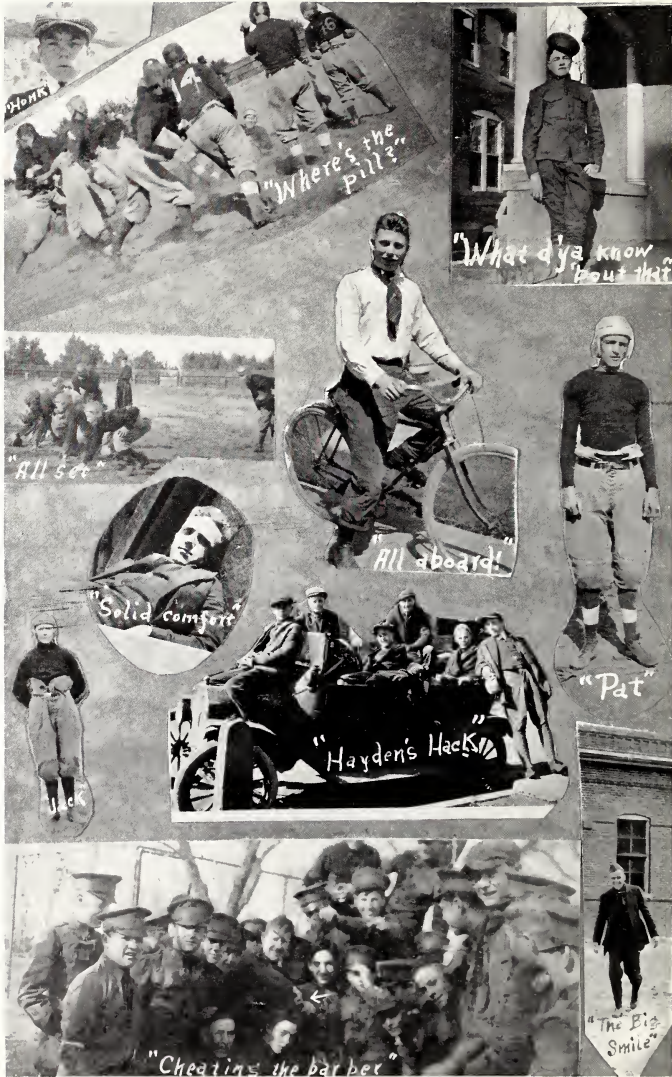
"What do you mean, Private, by telling the Sergeant that you bore important messages for me?"

"I didn't, sir, that is, I tried to explain, but he wouldn't listen. You see, sir, I have a brother up here, and that is whom I meant."

The General once more turned his head lest Muldoon see the moisture glistening in his hard old eyes and holding out the "important parcel," in a quivering voice bade them depart. Muldoon tenderly received the package from his hand and took one last look at it before he wrapped it up again. What the General saw is dear to the heart of every soldier lad—his mother's picture.

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#### GAS

Fr. Carroll (in Physics): "Freeman, can you give me an illustration of the use of hot air?"

Freeman makes a long incoherent recitation.

Fr. Carroll: "Yes, that recitation is a good example."

#### AFTER JULY 1ST

"What happened at Smith's funeral?"

"Well, the minister spoke, and then we passed around the bier."

"Great guns! To think I missed it."

#### YOU KNOW BURKE

Powers (excitedly): "It's all over the school."

Burke (excitedly): "What?"

Powers (very calmly): "The roof, little one."

#### OR AT VERSAILLES

Fr. Fitzgerald (in elocution class): "Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

Finn: "I thought he lived at the White House."

#### ROUGH GOING

Fr. Doyle (explaining a difficult problem in Trig.): "Now, gentlemen, watch the board closely and I will run through it."

#### WHEN IT RAINS

Professor (in Evidences): "Patterson, your answers are as clear as mud."

Patterson: "Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

#### ANCIENT HISTORY

Johnson: "Yes, that's what Daniel Webster says in his dictionary."

Powers: "Oh! he never wrote the dictionary, that was Noah."

Johnson: "Oh, go 'long! Noah built the ark."

#### MAYBE KNIGHT SHIRTS

Gibbons: "Say, did you know they used to fight in pajamas in the olden days?"

Connor: "Impossible."

Gibbons: "It says right here, 'and ye good King Arthur went forth into battle with his Royale Knightes.'"

#### HELP!

They rang for an ambulance and cleaned up the padded cell the other day when they found Jim Mullins looking up Spanish words in a French dictionary.

#### SOME STRUGGLE

Mike: "So he choked you, did he, Pat?"

Pat: "Sure and he did; he choked me till I thought he'd make cider out of me Adam's apple."

#### COMFORT

A Tommy was standing knee-deep in mud and water in the trenches.

"Are you a corporal?"

"No, my deah fellow, I think I am a blooming bullrush."

#### MURDER WILL OUT

Fr. Davlin: "Kelly, what do you know about the age of Elizabeth?"

Kelly (dreamily): "Nineteen next birthday."

#### OUT LAST NIGHT

Fr. Carroll (in Physics): "Gibbons, what have I been talking about?"

Gibbons (dreamily): "About fifteen minutes."

#### A DEEP ONE

Fr. Carroll says not to jump at conclusions, because a man once jumped at the conclusion of a boat and missed it.

#### DID HE MEAN THE KAISER?

Fr. Doyle: "Translate Rex fugit."

Powers: "The king flees."

Fr. Doyle: "But this may be perfect; use 'has.'"

Powers: "The king has flees."

#### GOING UP

Fr. Carroll (in Chemistry): "If anything should go wrong in this experiment, there would be a tremendous explosion, and we and the laboratory with us, might be blown skyward. Come closer, gentlemen, that you may be better able to follow me."

#### A LIFE BELT WOULD DO

Fr. Doyle (in Trig.): "Hayden, how would you go about surveying a fish pond?"

Hayden: "I'd get on a bathing suit."

#### ROUGH

Gibbons (in French): "I am indebted to you for all I know about French."

Fr. Murphy: "Pray, don't mention such a trifle."

#### A LIVE ONE

Connor (in Latin class, translating Virgil): "—and he chased the lifeless body of Hector three times around the wall."

#### FIERCE

"I notice that Grass is bothered with insomnia lately."

"How's that, doesn't he sleep nights?"

"I guess he sleeps nights all right, but he hasn't slept in Trig. for three days."

#### A TRIFLE AMBIGUOUS

Inquisitive Fair Admirer: "And how did you come out with your speech?"

Hayden: "They said it was the best thing I ever did when I sat down."

Autographs

William F. Fitzgerald  
 F. D. [unclear]  
 David V. Doyle  
 J. M. McManus  
 Joseph [unclear]  
 Dr. J. Dublin  
 W. S. Cummings N.Y.  
 [unclear]  
 [unclear]  
 Alexander [unclear]  
 John C. [unclear]  
 C. W. French '21  
 [unclear] N.Y.

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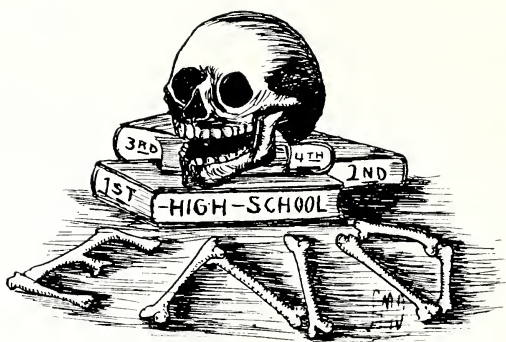
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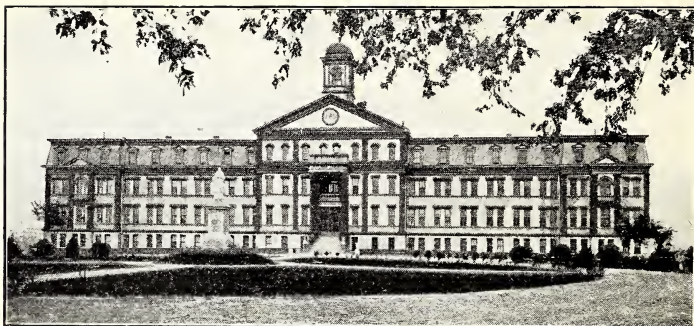
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